

**5 times stan tries to
make bill blush
plus the 1 time he
succeeds**

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5 times stan tries to make bill blush plus the 1 time he succeeds by iamnotalizard

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Summary:

stan attempts to seduce bill

5 times stan tries to make bill blush plus the 1 time he succeeds

Author's Note:

- 1) i wanna preface this w/ im the same age as the characters as i wrote them, which is why i felt comfortable writing this at all bc lets be real.... 25 y/o writing about teens doing sexual/IMPLIED sexual stuff (which doesnt rlly occur here) is kinda creepy so yeah im the same age as them
- 2) ill fix the spacing later.... or will i?
- 3) s/o to stenbrough on tumblr for letting me use some of her hc's to write this !! go follow her !!

1.

Stan doesn't think he's at all conceited or vain when he says that he's attractive. At 17 he's mostly grown into the lanky limbs that plagued his childhood, his face filled out to be nicely angular but still soft and kind. His hair is still curly but now he knows how to style it, knows how to make the curls fall across his forehead, almost into his eyes to make him look cute. The scars around his face from the time that a dog attacked him smoothed out over the years; instead of them being puckered, raised, and uncomfortable, they now lay flat, only paler than the rest of his face. Even those aren't ugly anymore.

So Stan doesn't think he's too full of himself when he says he's attractive. And he doesn't think he's tooting his own horn when he says that a lot of people are *attracted* to him, want to date him, even. His only problem is that the one boy who he's attracted too, and *he* wants to date, seems to be a fucking idiot.

"Bill, can you help me with this?" Stan says, twisting a curl around his index finger. Bill nods, and leans across the table where the Losers are eating lunch. He looks down at the binder full of paper in front of

Stan.

“T-t-this is chemistry.” Bill says, looking up at Stan, “I’m shit at chemistry.”

Fuck. “No, you’re not,” Stan says, biting the end of his pencil a bit. He thinks it gross, the metallic taste, and *oh lord*, the places the pencil has been. But apparently it’s cute. “Just try to help me, please?”

Stan flutters his eyelashes a bit. He did it last week with a girl in his history class, and she turned red as a tomato. Bill looks at him, tilts his head. For a second, Stan thinks he finally has him.

“D-do you have something in your e-e-yes?”

Stan sighs. Out of all the boys in the school, it had to be Bill.

2.

I really commit and sacrifice so much for style, Stan thinks, dragging his feet along. His boots are way too heavy, and his pants are a bit too tight to be comfortable, but, *fuck*, if they don’t make his - admittedly, flat - ass look good. It rained recently, so the ground is damp but the air is fresh.

Another sacrifice: all he has is his off the shoulder sweatshirt, so if it rains again, he’s screwed.

He walks up to Bill's door, knocks, and a few moments later Gerogie opens the door.

"Bill?" he asks. Stan nods, and Georgie closes the door slightly, so he can turn and yell, "Bill! Stan is here!" before opening the door again.

"What's up, Georgie?" Stan asks, laughing at his antics. He's growing up too fast, Stan thinks, and he knows that soon Bill will be crying over how big his baby brother is. Richie sometimes jokes that when they go off to college, Bill will cry the most purely because he'll be leaving Georgie behind, and Stan has to admit, he might not be wrong.

He makes small talk with Georgie for a few minutes, not much to talk about since he saw him only a few days ago. Bill comes clamoring down the stairs, and starts pulling on his shoes. He waves, and Stan waves back. Bill grabs his car keys from the key hook, ruffles Georgie's hair and shuts the door behind him.

Ever since he got his license and his car, he's basically been the group's personally taxi. As Stan climbs into the front seat, he has a brief moment where he imagines kissing him in the back seat, Bill's long fingers tangling into his curls. Bill's lips are always slightly chapped; Stan wonders how they'd feel against his own soft ones. The thought leaves quickly, and Stan is left there, face a bit warmer, as Bill turns the car key.

They drive to the library where they're meeting Mike and Eddie. Bill parks and shuts the car off. As Stan opens the door he sees the library steps, and the perfect plan pops into his head. He makes sure to walk

a little bit faster than Bill, just enough so that he's a few steps ahead, but not enough for it to be suspect. Even with Bill's much longer legs, Stan reaches the steps first, and puts his plan into action.

He makes sure that when he steps he moves his hips more than strictly necessary, aware that he'll be at the perfect height for Bill to look at his butt. He's about halfway up when he hears Bill mumble something to him, still at the bottom of the stairs.

"What?" Stan asks, turning his head slightly, as he takes another step. Except with the damp ground and his clunky boots, instead of gracefully taking a step, the toe of the boot gets stuck on the lip of the stair. "Fuck!"

Stan's knees hit the concrete, and his forehead hits the flat of the library entrance.

"Oh my god, S-s-stan, are you o-okay?" Bill asks, rushing up the stairs to kneel next to him.

"Fuck, shit, piss, *fuck*," Stan grumbles, putting a hand to his forehead as he turns to sit on the offending stairs. "Ow. Am I bleeding?"

Bill gently takes a hold of Stan's hand, moving it away from his head. For a moment, Stan think this would be so sweet, if he hadn't just ate shit in front of his crush.

Bill inspects him for a moment, "No, b-b-ut you'll have a n-n-nasty

bruise later.”

Stan pouts, “Help me up.” He makes grabby hands, and Bill laughs, standing up, before pulling Stan up too.

If Stan is limping slightly when walking into the library, Bill doesn’t mention it. He doesn’t get the same luxury when he goes home later that evening and his mom freaks out over the huge blue mark on his forehead.

3.

Eddie’s house is always too warm. His mother must pay a fortune on heating. Ever since Eddie got into a huge fight with her when he was 13, she’s loosened her grip slightly, especially after he couch surfed on all their couches for a few days when she refused to change her ways.

But she still refuses to let the house to cold, less her *precious baby Eddie bear* catch a cold in the night. So whenever the losers hang out there, they always end up sweating, stripping out of their coats, hoodies, and sometimes shirts within minutes.

Richie, since he goes over the most, came up with the perfect solution: bring popsicles. Even though it’s hailing outside, the Losers are inside, not really watching their Texas Chainsaw Massacre marathon, and eating the fruity popsicles that Richie brought over.

Someone is screaming on screen, but they’re too busy listening to Beverly’s reenactment of how some kid managed to flip his desk in

math while leaning back in his chair.

“So it’s dead silent, Cole and Phillip are getting absolutely destroyed by Ms. Jackson, and then *BAM!* All we see is papers flying everywhere-” She takes a break, laughing too hard at the memory. Bill smiles at her. Even though his crush is long gone, Stan knows that there’s a Beverly shaped soft spot in his heart, probably right next to the Georgie shaped one. Stan wonders if there’s a spot in there that will be shaped like him one day.

A drip from the popsicle runs down his hand, onto his wrist. Stan starts to lean in to lick it off, when he notices that Bill’s eyes have shifted from Beverly onto him. Without thinking, Stan meets his gaze, sticking his tongue out as he runs it up his arm, catching the juice on his tongue. He’s moving more slowly than necessary, but no one else has seemed to notice him. He sees Bill gulp, his own popsicle melting in his hand, forgotten. Stan takes that as a sign to continue. He runs his tongue up his own popsicle - strawberry flavoured - and once he gets to the tip, he slowly puts it into his mouth, hollowing his cheeks as much as he thinks will look hot.

Bill is still watching him, even though Beverly has recovered enough to continue her story. For a second, Stan thinks maybe he should quit while he’s ahead, most of the popsicle isn’t in his mouth and he can see the tips of Bill’s ears are pink.

But that could be the heat. It could be because they came from the outside only a few minutes ago, so it could be the temperature change. Stan wants, no, *needs* to know that Bill is red because of him.

So he keeps pushing, looking right at Bill, who’s eyes keep flickering from his lips to meeting Stan’s gaze. Stan can almost feel it at the

back of his throat, and he's about to pull it out, having enough evidence that he thinks proves his point. But then Mike starts laughing, and his arm flies out and nudges Stan's arm, the one that's holding his popsicle.

Then Stan's eyes go wide, pulling the popsicle out of his mouth quickly, as he retches.

"Oh my god, if you throw up on my carpet, I'm kicking you out." Eddie says, from where he's laying on his bed. Stan doesn't reply, only covering his mouth with his free hand as he gags and coughs. Mike pats him on the back, saying, "Sorry!" over and over again.

Stan waves it him off, "It's okay." he says weakly, eyes a little watery. His face is red, and while it's mostly from choking, a part of it is because *Bill saw him choke* while he was trying to be sexy.

Stan doesn't meet Bill's gaze for the rest of the night. He finishes eating his popsicle normally.

4.

It's a warm weekend, and for the first time in years they ride their bikes around again. When they all got to be 16, they stopped, thinking it was too childish, too immature for them. Then they started getting licenses and cars, so for most of them, their once cherished bikes sat in the back of their garage. But Ben texted them all the night before saying that it'd be fun to ride around town for all times sake, go by their usually haunts, old and new.

For once, Stan decides to dress for the weather, not for the secret fashion show that is constantly going on inside his head. He puts on sneakers, the first (okay, third or fourth) t-shirt that he sees, a zip up hoodie, and a pair of shorts that he knows he won't care about if they get dirty.

They have fun, riding around town, stopping to get snacks, window shopping, the likes. Richie falls off his bike twice, and Stan always has fun laughing at him, especially when he knows it's not a serious accident. They throw their bikes down on the grass at the quarry, sit around and hang out. At some point Mike shows off his double jointed elbow (just one) which makes Eddie gag, and then the conversation is about flexibility. Richie can put his foot behind his head, and while doing that he falls off the rock he's sitting on. Beverly can do a back bridge and walk. Ben surprises all of them by also being able to put a foot behind his head, and unlike Richie, doesn't fall. Eddie admits that the only reason he can touch his toes is because his leg to arm ratio is way messed up, and that he's not flexible at all. Bill isn't flexible, but he can do a handstand and cartwheels. Then, they're all looking at Stan, waiting to see what he can pull out of his sleeve.

"I can do the splits." He says.

"Bullshit." Richie replies, "You can't."

"Can to!"

"Prove it!"

Stan huffs, stands up from his log, brushes off his pants and walks a few steps to where the ground is flat. As he's starting to spread his

legs - one in front of him and one behind - he notices that he's closest to Bill. He starts lowering himself, low enough that his palms can be flat on the ground.

Richie wolf whistles, and for a moment Stan stops so that he can flip him off. He looks up when he's a few inches from touching the ground, and sees Bill staring, mouth agape. Stan smirks slightly, then smiles sweetly at him.

Then his back foot slips, and what *was* a slow descent is now a fast drop, arms not quick enough to stop him, and his *crotch*, from hitting the ground without warning.

Stan screams.

"FUCK ME, HOLY SHIT, FUCKING-" Stan groans, arms giving out and torso flopping over, so his forehead touches his knee.

He can hear Richie laughing in the background as he moans in pain. He wills his arms to move to try and push him back up, but he's at an angle where it's hard, and his thighs hurt now, refusing to move.

"I'm stuck." He groans. "Holy fuck, I swear, if one of you doesn't help me right now I will murder you."

"How you gonna kill us if you can't even stand?" Richie asks, still snorting. Bill stands up, slowly makes his way over to Stan.

“G-give me your hands.” He says. Stan raises his arms, hold onto Bill’s elbows as he grabs his forearms. Planting his feet, he starts to lift Stan up.

He thought that getting *out* of the painful position would feel good, but instead it feels like Hell, so he groans in pain again as Bill lifts him up. Once he’s high enough that he can move his legs independently, he automatically brings them together, letting go of Bill so he can drop to his knees and hunch over. Forehead pressed to the dirt and hands between his legs, he lets out one more scream.

“Richie, I blame you!”

Stan decides to walk his bike home that day.

5.

Stan and Bill are in Bill’s bedroom. Alone. *In his bedroom. Alone.* Not that it hasn’t happened before. When they were younger they hung out alone all the time. Hell, they hung out alone a few days ago. But a few days ago Stan wasn’t wearing a crop top and tight fitting jeans, sunglasses perched on top of his head, as he leaned over Bill’s shoulder to watch a video on his phone.

Stan’s always been aware that Bill grew up well, but this close he can really see how much he grew up. His shoulders are wider than they were when he was 13. His cheekbones more prominent. He’s still tall and thin, but years of baseball and noncompetitive football with Mike, Ben and Richie made his arms a bit more muscular, legs and thighs a bit thicker. With his head almost on Bill’s shoulder, he can

see the tiniest amount of stubble on his chin, in places where the razor missed. Even his stutter is getting better, and sometimes through the pride of seeing a friend get over an insecurity, Stan almost misses the day when Bill would stumble over his words, have to slow down and speak clearly. It feels like they're all growing up, and Stan isn't sure how to feel about that.

The video ends, and Stan can't say that he really paid attention to it. Bill looks at him. Stan has nothing to say, so he just stares.

Bill's eyes flicker from Stan's lips to his hairline, unwilling to make eye contact. Stan doesn't have any tricks up his sleeve, nothing to try and seduce him with. He bites his lip without thinking.

Bill leans a bit closer. Stan has to sit up straighter in order to get closer to him. Bill presses his forehead against Stan's, noses almost touching.

Stan's eyes flicker close as he feels Bill's breath against his lips. If he concentrates he *swears* he can already feel them brush, feels the chappedness of Bill's against his own, can taste the peppermint of the gum he was chewing a few minutes ago.

Stan is about to lean up a little bit more, close the almost microscopic distance between them, when he hears a loud knock and, "Billie! Billie! You said you would drive me to swimming lessons today!"

Bill leans away as Stan's eyes shoot open, a blush covering his face, working its way down his neck when Georgie opens the door.

“Billie, I’m going to be late.” Georgie says with a pout, already in his swimming trunks and a hoodie, towel thrown over his shoulder, *“Come on.”*

“I’ll be d-d-down in a minute, Georgie, go put your shoes on.” George nods and leaves the room, pointedly not closing the door. Stan looks down at his lap, plays with the fraying edge of a hole in his jeans.

“Do you w-w-want a ride home? I’m sure I could just drop him off, drop you off t-t-t-then make it back to his lesson.” Bill asks, always the gentleman. His face isn’t red, and even his stutter is just from the fact that he stutters, not embarrassment. Stan shakes his head.

“No, it’s fine. I can just walk home.” He stands up and quickly makes his way out of Bill’s room, rushes down stairs and pulls his shoes on. His face is still warm as he says bye to Georgie, giving him the customary high five.

When he gets home, he doesn’t slam the door to his room, even though he wants too. He quietly closes it, then lays face down in bed and wonders why he has to like such a fucking dumbass.

+1.

They haven’t spoken about The Incident as Stan likes to think of it. Stan continues to wear the same clothes, make the same suggestive looks, and laugh at the same dumb jokes that Bill makes. He’s good at acting like nothing is different. Except now, he can see Bill making

suggestive looks back at him, can feel it when Bill places a hand on his arm for a second too long, can hear the flirtation tone in his voice when Bill tells him that he looks good, that his pants make his legs look good or that his shirt is showing off his midriff.

But nothing changes. They still hang out with the same people, and they still hang out alone with nothing happening.

Bill is driving Stan to a drive in theatre that they wanted to go to, the next town over. The rest of the Losers were either working, busy or were on one-on-one dates. It's just him and Bill. Alone in a car for 45 minutes there, two back to back movies then 45 minutes back.

Stan is tired of waiting for change.

"Pull over." He says suddenly, making Bill jump a bit.

"Why?" he asks, glancing over, "Do you f-feel sick?"

"Just pull over." Stan repeats. Bill nods, indicates, and pulls over to the side, cutting the engine, and looking at Stan with concern.

Stan unbuckles his seatbelt and leans towards Bill. He puts his hands on either side of his face.

"You're such an idiot," is the first thing he says, "I have been flirting with you since I was 14 years old, and you have been flirting with me

since you were 16. You are literally the most beautiful person I have ever met, the sweetest person in the world, one of the most caring, but you're so *dumb* for not making a move yet."

The bridge of Bill's nose is a light pink, "Well, you c-c-could have made one by n-now too."

"Shut up." Stan says, before pressing his lips against Bill's. His chapped lips are rough against his own, but it's not unpleasant. Bill's fingers get tangled in his curls, just like he always imagined. Stan smiles against Bill's lips when one of Bill's hands rests against his waist.

When they pull apart, Bill's face is red, and for once, Stan's isn't. He grins at Bill, and leans back in.

They don't make it to the drive in theatre.

Author's Note:

no beta bc all ym friends who like IT arent into fanfiction and... im lazy lmao

ALSO i'm not jewish so if i messed up writing stan let me know so i can use that in the future/maybe go back and fix anything !